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ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL.

At a meeting of the Columbia Historical Society, held on May 20th, 1919, the following resolution prepared by President Clark, was unanimously adopted:

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the twenty-fifth President of the United States, died at his home, Oyster Bay, Long Island, State of New York, the sixth day of January, 1919.

"Mr. Roosevelt had his home in the District of Columbia many years; and with slight break in continuity, was Commissioner of Civil Service, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Vice President, and Chief Magistrate.

"The length of time of residence identified him with the District; more so his intimate friendships with its people; and beyond that, the measures for public benefit he advocated and secured.

"The nation and the nations have been benefitted by his suggestion, mediation and project.

"The Columbia Historical Society in its province to preserve the history of the District of Columbia, and national history, and that which essentially affects it, makes this attempt of tribute.

"Theodore Roosevelt died in his sixty-second year. The brevity of his life,—its snapping off,—was as startling as a thunderclap in an unclouded sky. If measured by length of years, his life was short; if by action and result, long. He economized time by employing it fully. He thought quickly, decided promptly, and worked tenaciously.

"He read rapidly and he retained what he read. His observation was broad, and his memory prodigious. He was a fluent speaker, and forceful. He wrote with dramatic strength and in his versatility wrote in the style which befitted his theme. His authorship includes history, biography, the hunt, and articles for the hour.

"Not strong by birth, by training he made himself hardy and became an athlete. And he encouraged by his example and by his influence the sports that develop physical prowess and manhood. He himself became a hunter and made war on the wild 'beast that reigns in the woods.'

"He was a discoverer and sought the discoverable without regard to personal danger and discomfort in the torridity of Africa and in the pestilential airs of South America, and with the trophies endowed the museums.

"He was concerned about the protection of game and recommended the preserves; he delighted in the feathered residents of the air; and the lovers of birds, for his activities hold him in grateful remembrance. He loved the dumb animals and many chosen friends from them lived with him in the Executive Mansion.

"Theodore Roosevelt was for his country,—a soldier. He organized the Rough Riders and bravely led at San Juan Heights. And for his country again he offered to take the field.

"His daring in the Spanish War, his love of candor and hate of sham, his opinions in terse and tense terms, his impetuosity and strenuousness, made him the idol of the youth, the most popular man of the generation, the standard of *Americanism*.

"He is blessed as the peacemaker between Japan and Russia at war. A glory to his administration is the Panama Canal. That he balanced the hardships of labor with the rights of capital proved his administrative fairness and wisdom.

"Mr. Roosevelt had 'the old commonplace virtues' that adorn private life; and because of himself he left the world a little better than he found it."

Resolved, that the Columbia Historical Society in the death of THEODORE ROOSEVELT, recognizes a great loss to the country and to this community;

Resolved, that this Society for the family expresses its deep sympathy;

Resolved, that a copy of this expression be transmitted to the family.

MAUD BURR MORRIS,
Recording Secretary.

COL. BENJAMIN F. BINGHAM'S REMARKS.

Mr. President: I gladly avail myself of the privilege to second the motion to adopt the resolutions just presented in memory of Theodore Roosevelt and to speak in praise of him.

It was my privilege to know Theodore Roosevelt, personally. During his first term as President I met him, officially, quite often, at the White House and at functions of the Grand Army of the Republic. From the year, February, 1902—February, 1903, I had the honor to be the Commander of the Department of the Potomac, G. A. R., and this position necessitated an occasional visit to the Executive mansion on matters connected with the Grand Army.

For the "Orator of the Day" at Arlington on "Memorial Day," May 30, 1902, I was anxious to secure the most noted man in our land; and fortunate was I to secure the President of the United States for that distinguished honor. In securing him for that occasion I felt I had accomplished a big thing, and so did my comrades, for no President, before Roosevelt, had consented to deliver an oration at Arlington on "Memorial Day," though each from Grant down the line, had been interviewed and asked.

The crowd at Arlington was immense—thousands and thousands came to hear the President, the distinguished orator. The number on the grounds was estimated at 10,000. The great event of my life came when, as Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Presiding Officer at the "Memorial Day" Exercises, I arose in my place and had the distinguished privilege and honor to introduce—Theodore Roosevelt, the President of the United States as "Orator of the Day"!

At the news of his sudden death, recently, the country was shocked and it required a second thought to believe it true. In a moment the greatest figure of our Nation, had fallen: had gone out "into the shadows" and to "that bourne from whence no traveller e'er returns." But Roosevelt's great mind and soul live, and live on they will,—like Washington's and Lincoln's.

Roosevelt loved humanity and he worked and lived for it, as few men have. He preached Liberty and Justice in their broader sense that all might have them: he was devoted to his country and a genuine American. Righteousness he lived, if ever a man lived it. This country and indeed the whole world are his debtor, for what he *lived* and *was* at all times and in all places, for the past twenty years; and time will not lessen the debt.

I think tonight of his masterly sayings and speeches, and his matchless written articles for magazines and papers, as well as his noted published works, for all created thought in the minds of thinking people. He was original and resourceful, and had the ability to plan and look ahead, in a right way.

He saw the coming of the great war and urged our Govern-

ment to prepare at once for the storm and shock of a mighty conflict, the equal of which was to be without precedent, he knew.

One can admire Roosevelt's statemanship, his patriotism, his love of country, and his devotion to duty, as he saw it and lived it in his daily life, and see in them ideals worth following. He dared to do duty his way and dared to do right, no matter who opposed or said "nay," for he had the courage of his convictions and was always ready to maintain them by word and act, sometimes even against the opposition and advice of his closest friends.

He filled every place to full measure. Many there are who will imitate him, but none can measure up to his level for the things and ideals which made him great at home and abroad.

His home life was of the best and the purest; an ideal husband, a noble father, of whom his children will ever be proud.

The nation too, mourns the loss of its leading statesman and best man; its most respected and best beloved citizen. Men and women admired and honored him; children loved him; all will cherish his memory and feel that a dear friend or relative, has passed from their midst, and generously will they remember the nobility of his character. No one had to vouch for his character, for it was unimpeached, and unimpeachable.

How suddenly came the blow that took this strong man from the activities; how quickly the spark of life went out, like a star eclipsed by a passing cloud! The night he died, as his valet had helped him prepare for the last sleep, "the sleep that knows no awakening" and rendered him all required service, and stepped out of his bed-chamber, Roosevelt said "Goodnight Harry, turn out the light" as though not afraid to die! And in an hour's time he was dead, never again to see the "light" that had just been "turned out" at his request, but he left a "light" behind that is still burning brightly and cannot be "turned out."

In contradistinction to Roosevelt's going to his final rest, I recall what a distinguished author, whose books are read and admired by millions and copies of which are in every library,

said, when nearing the end of his fatal illness: "Don't turn out the light. I am afraid to go home alone."

Theodore Roosevelt was born October 27, 1858, in New York City, and died at Oyster Bay, N. Y., January 6, 1919. When the "light" was put out for him he had recently passed his sixty-first birthday. Not strong as a boy by determination and perseverance he developed amazingly his mental and physical powers, as well as his memory.

He had practical efficiency and lofty idealism well harnessed; rare combinations. He loved peace, but hesitated not to declare war if that was the best way to obtain peace!

Roosevelt speaks of his father as "the man he never knew." As the boys and girls of the Roosevelt family grew older, the father made them understand that "the same standard of clean living was demanded for the boys as for the girls; that what was wrong in a woman was not right in a man."

Colonel Roosevelt's father was a "strong Lincoln Republican" and his mother was in full sympathy with the South all through the Civil War, and she remained unreconstructed to the day of her husband's death. He tells this amusing incident: Family prayers were the rule in the Roosevelt home. Once during the Civil War, he received maternal punishment which he regarded as unjust, and attempted partial revenge, when the children that evening were called to say their evening prayers, by "praying in a loud voice for the success of the Union Arms!" His mother was too amused by the incident to herself punish the boy, though she felt like doing so, but the father was advised of the boy's evident purpose to get "even" with his mother, and he was sternly "warned not to repeat the offence."

He mentions two slaves who became his care as they would not accept their freedom by Emancipation and leave the old plantation; the overseer, "Daddy Duke" and his wife. He never knew them, it seems, but at death of his mother he "inherited the care of them," he says. The only demand they ever made upon him, was enough money "to get a new critter annually," and the "new critter" was nothing less than mule! With unanimity and regularity the mule or "critter" was reported to him as having died, or passed away

in some unknown manner, about Christmas time, but that was a "trick" understood by the promoters and Mr. Roosevelt as indicating that the size of the Christmas gift to the two old slaves, who refused to leave the plantation "should be the value of a mule."

Colonel Roosevelt was a warm friend of the Union veterans of the Civil War and appreciated the mighty work of the great leaders and armies of 1861-1865, made up of boys, in helping Mr. Lincoln save the Union, his "paramount purpose;" he so said over and over again. Because the Union was saved, it made possible the conditions that enabled our Government to loan its millions and millions to England, France, Belgium, Italy and Russia, engaged in the World War, and to appropriate billions and billions of money to meet its own obligations, raise, equip an Army and Navy of five million men and transport and feed them "over the sea" to fight in the world war for Liberty!

Who will forget his immortal words, and it is well to repeat them here. He was glad peace had come, but he boldly announced as his conviction, "There must be no lagging back in the work for Americanism merely because the war is over; we have no room in this country for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag which symbolizes that all wars are against liberty and civilization—just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile. We have use for but one language, here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house; and we have room for but one soul-loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American public!"

I quote again from his last message to the American public: "There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American but something else also is not an American at all. We have room for but one flag—the American flag."

Such messages, such strong words, were always with Theodore Roosevelt, and his influence was far reaching because he was so intensely American in all he did and said, loyal to his country and to its flag. We need more men like him to mould

public sentiment for the uplifting and advancing of America's interests at home and abroad. But his work is ended, his place in history is set, rock-like, and his memory will be kept fresh in the hearts of millions of his fellow Americans. It would be well if we could cherish his memory aright and hold up his lofty ideas for our own benefit, as well as those with whom we associate in daily life.

Surely did Roosevelt live "leave a path where those who come should find but gentle mirth" and "to feel along my way I'd left no sign of wrong."

Eddie Guest wrote the beautiful verse:

"I'd like to sow the barren spots with all the flowers of earth
To leave a path where those who come should find but gentle mirth;
And when at last I'm called upon to join the Heavenly throng
I'd like to feel along my way I'd left no sign of wrong."

Truthfully can it be said of Theodore Roosevelt that he was a noted hunter, soldier and statesman, an author and writer of marked ability, and an orator without a superior.

Edmund Vance Cooke wrote of him:

ROOSEVELT.

The hunter, tiring of the chase
Across the hills and streams,
Has drawn his blanket to his face
And lost himself in dreams.

The soldier, scarred and seamed by war
Is wearied of the fight,
Nor all the thunders of a Thor
Shall break his rest this night.

The orator, whose voice was heard
Above the crash of day,
Now—how we startle at the word,
The word he does not say.

The statesman—he whose whisper rolled
Through corridors and halls,
Has sought the quiet cloistered fold
Of ancient earthly walls.

The author drops his heavy quill
What forceful words are penned?
The whole world leans to read their thrill
And reads but this:

The End.

Mr. President: To my mind the man whom we have remembered and honored tonight in the adoption of the resolutions, lived to live on, and he must have believed that, as he could "pass this way but once," it was worth while to stamp himself along the journey of life and give everlasting lessons for those who should come after him. For Roosevelt still lives; lives in the minds and memories of his admirers and his enemies as well. As General Lee, in his eulogy of Washington said, "he lives in the hearts of his countrymen," so I say of Roosevelt—the greatest American since Abraham Lincoln!

I close my tribute to Roosevelt with the lines of John Exemham.

"But once I pass this way
And then—no more.
But once, and then the Silent Door
Swings on its hinges—
Opens . . . closes—
And no more
I pass this way.

So while I may,
With all my might
I will essay,
Sweet comfort and delight
To all I meet upon the Pilgrim Way.
For no man travels twice
The great Highway
That climbs through Darkness up to light—
Through Night
To day."

July 6, 1919.

OYSTER BAY,
LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

ALLEN C. CLARK, Esq^r.

My dear Mr. Clark: Pray present to the Columbia Historical Society my thanks and those of my family.

We hold in affectionate memory the happy years of our life in the District.

Believe me,
Sincerely yours,
EDITH KERMIT ROOSEVELT.